

MTR

# The Argonaut



VOL. IV, NO.2

FIRST URANTIA SOCIETY OF LOS ANGELES

JAN. 1974

## FULSA ACTIVITIES

1973 was a busy and productive year for FUSLA and nothing could have topped it better than the November and December meetings which drew over sixty Southern Californians to each gathering.

At the Brentwood school auditorium on November 4th, Bob Boden, A FUSLA member from Fullerton, gave a most unique and inspirational talk on personality, especially the personalities of Abraham Lincoln and Jesus of Nazareth. Bob's talk delved into the home lives of both of these men and showed how the influence of the home later proved to be the foundation of some of their greatest decisions.

The presentation was dynamic, insightful and well researched. After a most provocative discussion following the talk, Bonnie Abbott, our most gracious Hospitality Chairman, hosted the gathering with a bounteous array of delicacies and delights. Everyone had the opportunity to meet with many new people and to visit again with old friends.

At our meeting in December, the Reversion Directors had their day as the Fullerton Art Players hosted the FUSLA Christmas Party and presented a series of humorous skits depicting the hysteria of URANTIA in a Loco Universe.

We watched a Violet Man and an evolutionary Sangik meet outside the garden wall and solve a most unusual problem - how to get an unruly fandor back into the air. The following skit took us to the Resurrection Halls of Mansonia where we witnessed two overworked Morontia Greeters playing a trick on an unsuspecting arrival from URANTIA.

We then dropped in on the hypothetical future where the people were playing the "URANTIA Game" which has those tough trivia questions like, "Who is Malvorian?" or.. "How many Senior Archangels are assigned to each Avonal on a planetary mission?"

The Fullerton Art Players then gave us an idea what it might have been like as the women evangelistic corps took on the preaching duties of the Kingdom at

## FANDORS

Winter's icy form has come upon us and we are all being asked to tighten our energy belts for a chilly season. Cars will spend more time in garages and less time on the road. Wouldn't it be nice to have a gas-less fandor handy to do your travelling with?

Fandors were used extensively by our early ancestors, but became extinct about thirty thousand years ago. Soaring high on outstretched wings, fandors could carry two full-sized passengers for a nonstop flight of over five hundred miles. Passenger birds are very affectionate and intelligent, and have a small but proficient vocabulary. On Jerusem, the transport birds fly at a speed of about one hundred miles an hour, about the speed of a two-seater airplane.

Fandors come from a large ostrich-like land bird that existed 45,000,000 years ago which stood ten feet high and laid a thirteen inch egg. Prior to that, the reptiles gave birth to the entire bird family in what the URANTIA Book calls the greatest single pre-human leap of evolution.

In Dalamatia, under the directorship of Bon, the fandors were raised and trained by the Board of Animal Domestication and Utilization. They also first made use of carrier pigeons for the purpose of sending messages. The art of fandor flying was known to the Sangik tribes at the time of the First Garden as well.

At one time, the natives of Eden had decided to take the Adamic couple to the temple of the Father in order that everyone might worship them. The Midwayers caught wind of the plan through Van and transported the Material Son and Daughter directly to the temple while the fandors were still winging their way to pick them up. Adam then explained to the confused mortals that worship was to be directed to no one but God.

On the next page, FUSLA member Jim English has drawn his idea of what it would have been like on the third day of Adam and Eve's stay on the planet when they took a fandor ride around the garden in order to survey their new home, the most beautiful place on Earth.



Hydrocarbon

FIRST UNITED SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAN

ARTICLE

Michael's life has been one of...  
and all things...  
will be...  
and...  
and...  
and...  
and...

The...  
the...  
the...  
the...  
the...  
the...  
the...



1874

NEW READERS

The URANTIA Foundation has sent word that URANTIA Books are selling like hot-cakes, at a rate of over a thousand a month. This demand has prompted talk of a fifth printing even while the fourth is just getting out. This active sales rate is reflected in the number of letters that Chicago receives and by the number of calls on the L.A. URANTIA phone.

One person who has recently found the URANTIA Book is an inmate at Soledad Prison in California. He wrote to the Foundation, and through them and South West Field Representative, Julia Fenderson, we have heard from a number of prisoners who are daily reading the URANTIA Book and are literally climbing the walls for letters from fellow URANTIANS.

Several inmates in Soledad were reading a borrowed copy but they now have had a copy donated to their library through FUSLA, and one individual, Tom Wicks, has also been given a copy.

From his letters, Tom sounds like a real dynamo who is trying to get the whole prison buzzing with new energy. Here are some excerpts from his letters: "I was on the verge of spiritual death... I was like the wind which blows in four directions at once: lost for direction! My life has changed because of the URANTIA Book, and because I've changed in "here" amongst all of the wolves, I know when I get out, I'll be able to really put forth some dynamic appeals to the outside world."

You can reach Tom and his friends at these addresses: Tom Wicks, Box-B, 48280, Jamestown, CA 95327. Richard A. Francis, B-39469 CTF-North, L112, Soledad, CA 93960, John Pastorello, Box-B-43414 CTF North, Soledad, CA 93960

FUSLA ACTIVITIES (continued from page 1)

the Master's command. To end the merriment, Jim and Sue McNelly were pictured in their declining years, reminiscing over old times with a young man over to discuss the URANTIA Revelation with two of the "old timers."

FUSLA salutes Bob and Cheryl Boden, Pat and Vicki McNelly, Jim and Sue McNelly, Jim English, Fred Shupp, and Gerry Ricci, a Non-breather, and David Zebadee for their hard work and obvious time and effort

A PRAYER TO THE FATHER

By M. Ditowsky from Chicago

Our Father, of whom we are your sons and daughters- Infinite Creator, Controller and Upholder of the vast far-flung galaxies of space- of which you are God- Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven- We thank you for bringing us together and for your sustenance which you ever place before us- Give us the wisdom to discern your mandate and the strength to follow it. We are both humble and thankful for the exalted privilege of serving both you and your Paradise Son at this transition point in the age of our planet- Give us the patience which breeds forbearance- The understanding which begets the compassion and leads to the love of all of our brothers and sisters so that we may become perfect even as you are perfect.

into making the afternoon's meeting a grand success. All of the costumes, make-up, props and lighting came second to love and joy in making the Christmas Party the high point of the monthly meetings in 1973.

Jim English and Gerry Ricci combined their musical talents and sang a song composed by Jim called "I Think I've Got a Clue" which was a real hit with the crowd. Bonnie Abbott once again outdid herself organizing a delicious pot-luck dinner which ended the festivities.

THE AGONDONTER

Published bi-monthly by The First URANTIA Society of Los Angeles. The "Agondonter" welcomes articles from societies, study groups, or individuals. If you want to be on the mailing list, know someone who does, or want to submit an article, send your letters to: The "Agondonter" P.O. Box 5488, Fullerton, CA 92635.

Editor: Jim McNelly

Staff: Pat McNelly, Julia Fenderson, Jim English, Vicki McNelly

On Jerusem, the ascenders from isolated worlds such as URANTIA "are known as the agondonters, meaning evolutionary will creatures who can believe without seeing, persevere when isolated, and triumph over insuperable difficulties even when alone." \* p. 579